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THE MONIST

TRUTH.

*Πάντων μέτρον ἄνθρωπος.
ἀλλ' ἀνθρώπου μέτρον τὸ Ἐν καὶ Πᾶν.*

Truly, the measure of all things is Man;
But Man is measured by the One and All.

Man is a microcosm, and he grows
Unto the stature of full manhood, only
When to the One and All his soul responds.
There is a gauge that measures man, a norm
By which the truth that's in him must be tested.
T'is the Eternal in the change of time,
It is the Law, the Uniformity,
It is the One in this great All,—t'is God!

Mind you, t'is Man, not men, that measures things;
Not I, nor you, nor any other being;
Man only, Man alone.

And what is Man?

Man is the type of mankind,—men's ideal;
Yea, men's ideal!—

Are ideals sham?

Deem you that only things concrete are true?
O, learn to prize the power of ideals
Which more efficient is than Nature's forces
And stronger far than footpound-energy.

Ideals are the factors of man's life;
They are no vain illusions, they are real,
Nay, superreal. Yea, they are Man's guides,—
And they, like guardian angels, help him find
The pre-determined goal of cosmic life.

Man, the ideal, is no transient thing:
He is the cosmic law assuming flesh,
The norm of being in a creature's garb,
An incarnation of the Deity,
Of that All-One which shapes and moulds the world,
Which manifests itself in motes and stars,
And thrills through all their uniformities.
T'is Man, not men, in whom the glory dwells
Of the great One in All,—the Man of Truth.

"Truth changes," sayest thou, and thou art right,
And man himself is changing with his truth.
Both change! for nothing is at rest
In this corporeal world of flux. And yet
Beware lest half-truths lead thy mind astray.

Truth changes as our knowledge broader grows,
As science gains in depth and definition;
But verily the new and broader Truth
Will never call the older Truth a lie,
For lo! it is the selfsame older Truth
As from a higher standpoint it appears,
And all the truths are after all but one.

Truth is no idol, nor an errant light,
T'is not an *ignis fatuus*, no comet.
Truth is a guiding star, a bright ideal,
And like the sailor's compass on high seas,
It leads us gently onward, step by step,

With duly firm-prescribed approximations,
On its own path in definite direction.

Truth is beheld by mind, not by the senses,
T'is not a thing which merchants keep in store,
T'is no commodity which we possess.
Truth is a superhuman power, and
From generation unto generation
Truth marches on, unfolding and revealing
The wondrous mysteries of cosmic life.

Truth is too great that ever it be final.
But Truth remains the Truth e'en though its work
Can never be completed, never finished.
Truth is not untrue, it is not a sham,
Because its resources are ne'er exhausted;
Because its duties, constantly renewed,
From day to day enlarge our field; because
One goal attained entails still further tasks,
And so before our raptured vision stretches
The promised land of vistas infinite.

Truth is life's factor and determinant,
And we are workers in Truth's noble cause.
We yearn for Truth, we need its light; and Truth
Enters our Soul; it takes abode in us,
And consecrates our lives to higher service,
Not we own Truth, t'is Truth that owneth us.

Search for the Truth! Truth's problems are not vain.
Love thou the Truth! trust Truth, and live the Truth!
Walk on Truth's path and Truth will guide thee right.

PAUL CARUS,